



Of Universities Mediaeval and Modern

V.—Life in Universities.

IN the Middle Ages students were not the tame creatures they are to-day. In general men's passions were altogether more unbridled than they are now, for since then centuries of subjugation to a predatory financial aristocracy have had the result of emasculating the species. In a Mediaeval University riots and brawls were frequent. A typical instance may be cited at Oxford when "On Tuesday, 10th February, 1354, (being the feast of St. Scholastica the Virgin) came Walter de Springheush, Roger de Chesterfield, and other clerks to the tavern called Swyndestock, and there, calling for wine, John of Croydon, the vintner, brought them some, but they disliking it, as it should seem, and he avouching it to be good, several snappish words passed between them. At length, the vintner giving them stubborn and saucy language, they threw the wine and vessel at his head." This little misunderstanding developed into a regular pitched battle, in which the Chancellor led his students, armed, against the townsmen, and they retaliated, led by the Mayor. On this occasion an appeal was made to the King, and afterwards the town was very rightly penalised. A similar unfortunate incident took place at Paris between the University and the monks of St. Germain des Pres, over the right of students to take the air in a field belonging to the monks.

Penalties for misbehaviour were usually light, and were designed to secure the culprit's penitence, rather than anything else; as, for instance, when a certain organ-player of All Souls, at Oxford, who was imprisoned for adultery, was liberated by the Warden upon his weeping bitterly since the Warden "felt inspired with good hope of him for the future." This shows the extremely personal nature of authority in Mediaeval Colleges, a notorious lack in present institutions, where the ogre of business has intruded; for the student nowadays, desiring a favour, or advice in academic matters, is far more likely to spend ten minutes with some person's stenographer, looking up a list of regulations, than to be able to discuss the matter sensibly with his academic superior. The statutes of the Mediaeval University of Cracow make definite allowance for this personal influence, by allowing their rector the right of hair-pulling, slapping and striking recalcitrants, while in the statutes of Queen's College, Oxford, founded by Robert de Eglesfield, there are rules for the composition of College potage, and the washing of Fellows' heads. In the lecture-room the same personal influence is in evidence, and though the students might listen attentively to a master whom they respected, they would not think of doing for a master whom they despised. Thus, although at Paris, students were enjoined to sit "as quiet as girls" during lectures, it is apparent that the statute did not produce the intended result, for they shouted and rudely interrupted and threw things at the lecturer. Nowadays I think that men are not so simple as to ask their pupils to be as quiet as girls, if they

(Continued on Page Four)

My Discovery of Montreal

by E. F.

This article will appear in three parts, of which this is the second.

"Surely ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you."

II.

OF the hot-headed radicals who presume to challenge the sacred dogma of private enterprise, perhaps the most irritating, certainly the most dangerous are the fanatics who believe in the National Railways. Montreal, it should be remembered, has had a special revelation in railway matters. The C.P.R. (like the Quebec Liquor System) was let down from Heaven, and the C.N.R. dragged up from Hell. To reject this is clear proof either of insanity or deliberate wickedness; and it speaks volumes for their charity, that Montrealers, on Mark Twain's principle, usually regard their opponents as no worse than "perfectly mad". Their own grasp of the problem is marvellous indeed. "Through the mists that obscure the question they cut their trenchant way" with a fine disregard of details and technicalities, and a refreshing clarity of vision. Here is a typical instance. One of the enlightened told me that the "Government" hotels were losing money. I at once asked if they were operated direct by the "Government" or by the Canadian National Railways. He said "separately, like the C.P.R. hotels." This seemed clear, but rather beside the point, and I pressed for further information. My friend declared he didn't know under whom they came, but one thing he did know: the "Government" owned them. I was silent. What more could I ask? After a few minutes I glanced at the newspaper he had laid down. On the front page was a paragraph headed: "National Railways Hotels losing money." The answer to my question stared me in the face, and in a flash I saw the puerility of what I had asked. My friend's powerful mind had wasted no time with headings. It fixed at once on the essential fact of "Government" ownership. Beside this, management meant nothing.

In this spirit, too, he approached the larger aspects of the question. "What should we do with the National Railways? Pitch them in the sea! If my business failed the Government wouldn't take it over. Why should they treat the railways differently?" With a magnificent contempt he sweeps aside the plea of "Government guarantees." What's in a guarantee? "They should never have been given." Such is the terse and masterly solution of our railway problem. He who runs may read. The collective wisdom of the railway smoking car has consigned the C.N.R. to the scrap-heap, and from that verdict there can be no appeal.

But the obtuse politician is unconvinced. On what grounds does the decision rest? Philosophical Industrialism does not shirk the answer. It brings the divine right of the joint stock company to the test of fact. It points triumphantly to the striking and brilliant success of the Grand Trunk, Canadian Northern, and Grand Trunk Pacific under private ownership; to the immeasurable superiority of the service; to the

(Continued on Page Four)

SONNET

Written on the Back of a Dance Programme

LITHE and lissome, in pearl-grey shimmering silk
Softly she sways to the ebb and the flow of the rhythm

Wearily wailing from saxophones sombre, and whistles
Of Frisco lifting a lonely lament to the shuffle of dancers.

Lovely she seems, and stooping a little, like willows in wind
storms

Dancing for joy in the dews of the daedal dawn,
She twirls in intricate patterns with a twinkle of little feet,
Weaving slow steps in the gleams of the mirroring floor.

Lovely she seems in the innocent grace of her youth,
Swaying ever so slightly, in time with the throbbing drums;
Lovely, indeed, a creature of grace and of light,
A beautiful note God strikes on a golden bell. . .

The music ceased abruptly, and she laughed inanely,
"My Gaud, I'm not a camel, and I'd like a shot of gin."

—D.D.

A STUDY IN BLACK

The Fire in the Flint, by Walter F. White; New York, Alfred A. Knopf.

THIS is the first novel of a Negro who has hitherto been prominent as an investigator of race problems, lynchings and riots in the southern states. A native of Atlanta, Georgia, and a graduate of Atlanta University, Mr. White has been devoting the best energies of a lifetime to the betterment of the conditions of his race in the south, and is at present Assistant Secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. But he has done nothing, I venture to think, that will be more beneficial to the cause which he has championed than the writing of this novel.

The "Fire in the Flint" deals with the race problem in Southern Georgia. It is controversial, and is written frankly from the point of view of the educated Negro, and yet with an honestly sincere stressing of the case for the other side which compels admiration. It is a novel with a purpose if ever there was one. But it is a book the like of which has been a crying need. If conditions among the Negroes in the south are only a tenth as appalling as they are depicted in Mr. White's vivid pages it would be almost impossible to exaggerate the value of making them generally known. After all allowances are made for racial prejudice, for the bitterness of controversy, for the idealisation of a cause, we are forced to the conclusion that the author has written with a passionate honesty, a courageous and much needed book. Enlightened public opinion throughout the United States should be made aware of the festering sore of oppression and mob-rule that exists in the south. And this novel is the book to do it.

But "The Fire in the Flint" is much more than a problem novel. It is an absorbing story, written with a deep sincerity that is at times transmuted to beauty. The terrific climax of its close is as moving and inevitable as that of any novel I know.

The story deals with the struggle of a young Negro doctor, Kenneth Harper, educated in the north, hospital-trained in New York and war-

seasoned in France, to adjust himself to conditions in the Georgian city of his birth whither he returns to take up a practice after leaving the army. Central City, a small city in the heart of rural Georgia, is sketched in bold relief. It is roughly divided into three sections the district where lived the more well-to-do white people, "Downtown" where lived in squalor and filth and abject poverty the poorer class of negroes, and "Factoryville"—the section clustered round the Central City Cotton Spinning Mill, the home of the "poor whites."

Here there was one strong conviction, but one firm rock of faith to which they clung—the inherent and carefully nurtured hatred of "niggers" and a belief in their own infinite superiority over their dark-skinned neighbours. Meanwhile their children left school and entered the mill to work the few years that such a life gave them. And the black children they hated so—deprived by prejudice from working in the mills, and pushed forward by often illiterate but always ambitious black parents—went to school.

Central City is summarized as a typical Southern town, reasonably rich as wealth is measured in that part of Georgia, that is, in money, land and cotton, but careless and ignorant of the finer things of life. The men are self-made, in all that that distinctly American phrase implies, the women are concerned wholly in the petty round of household affairs, gossip and dull social intercourse. The inspiration of art and literature is almost unknown. There are but two releases from the humdrum monotony of life—liquor and sex. The woods around the city are infested with bootleggers, and illicit stills were everywhere. A traveller at night on any of the main roads leading out of town would come upon automobiles with dimmed lights and engines still idling, parked on the edge of the road. In the city vice abounded. "Negro fathers and mothers of comely daughters never allowed them to go out unaccompanied after dark. There were too many dangers from men of their own race. And even greater ones from the men of the other race. . . And they had no redress at law."

(Continued on Page Four)

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Courses in Contemporary Literature

TO many observers of the current trend of art, and more particularly of literature, it seems that we are to-day living in a period of renaissance that will have a lasting and not insignificant place in the history of letters. The revival of interest in poetry which has made itself manifest in England and the United States during the past dozen years has resulted in the production of a large mass of excellent and beautiful work. Modern poets have established vitally needed reforms in technique and in the usage governing the choice of diction and subject matter. The novel, too, in the contemporary world is presenting an original and lively contribution to art. In spite of the misrepresentation of conservatism which levels criticism at the mediocre work of the time as if this were our sole production, and ignores the fiction of real genius that is today fulfilling to the highest degree the function of art as a criticism of life, the opinion is held by many that work is being produced by contemporary men of letters that is worthy to stand beside any of the classic masterpieces of our literature. The drama has certainly reached a higher plane in the twentieth century in England than in any other age since Shakespeare's, while so eminent a critic as William Archer has ventured the opinion that the modern drama has an even greater significance than the Elizabethan. Even those who are convinced of the truth of the old professorial platitude that the ultimate worth of a work of art can only be justly estimated by posterity must realize that the literature of to-day has for us a value and a cultural significance that is unique.

In recognition of these considerations some few colleges have inaugurated courses in present day literature, while some others have incorporated in their curricula a more extensive and perhaps more valuable course in contemporary civilization. Such a course or courses might with advantage be introduced in more universities; or, in places where they are kept skulking in extension lectures, be admitted into the regular curriculum. The field covered could be made as extensive or as specialized as time and the needs of the student might call for, while a course restricted to literature would of necessity be selective, and would allow for wide discrimination. In the study of a literary epoch of the past it is necessary from the historical standpoint to consider the work of minor and even mediocre writers, but in the study of contemporary work intrinsic worth need be the only standard. Many students, here, we venture to believe, would obtain more pleasure and benefit from, say, "The Everlasting Mercy" than from "The Vision of Judgment," from "The Old Wives' Tale" than from "Clarissa Harlowe," from the work of Shaw, Barrie, and Galsworthy than from that of the minor Elizabethans or the playwrights of the Restoration.

Such a course, we must recognize, cannot be allowed to take the place of the older classics whose truth and beauty have consecrated them for all time but as a final, and very necessary rounding off of the knowledge of the past we feel that there is a need for the study of the fine new things of our own day, in which we as students must be vitally interested, not only in the critical and appreciative sense, but also, perhaps, from a creative viewpoint.

Prizes for College Poets

THE news that the Poetry Group of the Canadian Authors' Association is offering prizes for poems by university students in the province of Quebec is a very welcome indication that that organization is in sympathy with, and wishes to encourage, the literary work of undergraduates. We sincerely hope that the contest will result in bringing to light some sound work by college poets.

The experience which we have had with this paper has shown us that a good deal of verse is being written by students here, and we would heartily urge all who can do so to send in some examples of their work to the judges of this competition. While our own supply of poetry will probably be cut off for the next few weeks, we can only express the hope that the honour of winning at least one of the awards will come to a McGill student.

Those who are donating the prizes deserve the heartfelt thanks of all who are interested in the literary work of students in our colleges here.

Bliss Carman

ALL lovers of poetry and the literature of Canada will do well to attend the recital of Bliss Carman, who will give a reading from his poems in the Royal Victoria College on Friday, December 12th. Carman is too well known to require more than a passing comment here, and his earlier work, at least, is certainly up to the present, the finest contribution of a Canadian to the great body of English poetry. To hear a good poet in a recital of his own work is an opportunity of only too rare occurrence, and in this case is one which no student who cares for the finer flowers of Canadian literature should miss.

In Defence of Plumbing

A. G. Cuthbertson.

THE sweeping statement made by a recent speaker before the classical club that science may be summed up in one word "plumbing" is, to say the least, entirely unwarranted. It is quite possible that if the speaker had a real conception of the value of the sciences and their consequent relation to life that his own native common sense would not permit of such a generalization.

The sciences effect one fundamental purpose and that is not to generalize on insufficient evidence — to see things as they are, not as we would like them to be. To deny this implies that type of mind which relies on authority more than on evidence, or again on the lack of the dignity connected with making experiments. The gentleman who made the above statement apparently would rather accept the fantastic and chimerical hypothesis about material things — a man who refuses to discriminate between the real and the unreal.

Great as the thinkers of the past have been yet the authority of Aristotle cannot be considered ample proof of any statement. Science looks askance at mere opinions and focuses its attention on facts. Such a justly famous man as Leonardo Da Vinci, wrote: "Experiment is the interpreter of nature. We must consult experiment varying the circumstances until we have deduced general rules; for experiment alone can furnish reliable rules." Some classical thinkers at any rate considered "plumbing" quite an honourable profession.

Science embraces the sum-total of human knowledge and it ranges over the whole range of nature. It is not a mass of empirical facts but knowledge gained by observation and experiment co-ordinated and generalized into a system. Science seeks a complete knowledge of the multitude of inter-related facts whose action and reaction result in such endless diversity. Yet it refuses to fall into the dogmatic attitude of classicism, it realizes its insufficiency so well expressed by Tennyson.

"So runs my dream. But what am I?
An infant crying in the night,
And with no language but a cry."
An infant crying for the light.

Hoping that a sublimer generalization may yet result which

"Will make one music as before
But vaster."

It is true enough that many of the conceptions of especially the Greek philosophers have yielded remarkable results. But let us remember these are not a positive contribution to knowledge until verification takes place in the laboratory. Lucretius thought atoms existed. Dalton inferred that they existed and finally science has proven that they do exist. In other words "plumbing" must work hand in hand with the ideas of its beloved philosophers who interpreted so remarkably the civilizations of the past. It may be however that the detractors of science would prefer the obscurity and illiteracy of the Middle Ages with its invention of subtle analogies, its sophistry and its witchcraft.

No honest individual will deny that a classical advantage but let us not forget that in the ultimate analysis education is a relative term and any system of education must interpret the times in which we live, it must develop a desire for truth together with the ability of making as far as possible unbiased opinions.

This system of education can only be realized in a proper balance between classics and the graceful phrase "plumbing"

Thais

By Anatole France. Translated by Ernest Tristan, with introduction by Hendrik van Loon. Boni and Liveright, Modern Library Series.

THANKS to Massenet and Mary Garden, the story of the beautiful Alexandrian courtesan who renounces the homage of a pagan world for a nun's robe and an ascetic's fare is too well known to require much comment. Anatole France's version, is not, however, as widely read as it should be, and this new English edition, reasonably priced and attractively bound, will be welcomed by the many admirers of the great Frenchman.

It is not always realized what a pitiful satire "Thais" is on the whole theory and practice of asceticism. This may be due to the fact, as the introduction puts it, "that everything is written with such deft style, so cleverly, so charmingly, that the artless reader hardly appreciates what subtle rays of reason have penetrated into the dark caverns of his unsuspecting mind." For some of us it may very well be that if we tear the last three pages out of the book it becomes a mild tract in favour of that seraphic bliss only found in the hermit's cave or the funeral crypt of an ancient basilica. But it needs only a slight previous acquaintance with the author to realize, long before the end, how severe an indictment it is, and what failure and spiritual poverty there lies under the monkish hood of poor Paphnutius.

We see the monk's zeal in the redemption of Thais, his long and arduous journey to win her to a higher life, as a thinly-veiled expression of his love of her beauty, as an outlet for his impulses which he has tried in vain to stifle. We see the conversion not as a religious awakening, but as an answer to the fear of Thais that she is losing her youth and her grace, and to her belief that if she renounces her pleasures and does penitence, she will be born again in heaven, with her body intact in all its beauty. We see the sadness and the pity in the monk's denial of life and love, in his later tragic denial of God and what he had thought to be goodness, in his belated recognition that it was Thais alone who could make him happy. "O regrets! O remorse! O despair! Not to have had the joy of carrying into hell the memory of an ineffaceable hour, and crying to God: 'Burn my flesh, dry up all the blood in my veins, shiver my bones into fragments, but you cannot take from me the recollection which will perfume and refreshen me throughout the centuries! Thais is about to die! Ridiculous God! if thou knewest how I laugh at thy hell!'"

Anatole France has aroused the ire of a great many readers who object to his indirect but powerful attack upon time-honoured institutions. This is not the occasion for a critical examination of the value of such an attack. Whether or not we agree with him, we are always sure to find in him a wealth of beauty and entertainment. His books richly deserve their ever increasing popularity.

—O. K.

GIBBERISH

MANY a flower have I seen blossom,
Many a bird for me will sing.
Never heard I so sweet a singer,
Never saw I so fair a thing.

She is a bird, a bird that blossoms,
She is a flower, a flower that sings;
And I a flower when I behold her,
And when I hear her, I have wings.
—Mary E. Coleridge

'Thief of Bagdad' A Motion Picture of Rare Beauty

THE great advantage of a young art like that of the moving picture is that it is continually progressive, and in more ways than that its scenes and figures are animated. It is continually advancing from peak to peak, achieving the superlative, and then surpassing itself. While the general average has been kept down to the level of the crowd which is satisfied with mediocrity, the real art of the motion picture has been advancing fitfully and by leaps and bounds through the medium of isolated bold experiments. There was "Tol'able David" which told a moving and poignant story faithfully and realistically, without sentimentality; there was the German "Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" which showed that modern cubist art is a live thing admirably suited to accentuate terror and horror by dramatic imagery and suggestion; now comes the "Thief of Bagdad." It is different from either of the other two high water-marks of cinematographic art, but it is realistically true to romance and it does create an emotion, not this time of fear, but of wonder and awe, by means of an artistic suggestion. A Moorish arch, a minaret spired against the blue, a palm girt well, a crescent sword—some image such as this stands out in every scene, and we are whisked away to the magic city of the Caliph and the Arabian nights.

The "Thief of Bagdad" is a very hymn to beauty. That such an exquisite creation should ever have come out of Hollywood is a miracle more wonderful than any performed by the Magi of the East. Every one of the thousand changing scenes is a rare and lovely pattern. Not an arch, not a wall, not a figure but fits in perfectly. The photography is excellent, and the acting of every member of the huge cast, not even excepting that of Douglas Fairbanks, is in keeping with the beauty of the play. Fairbanks permits himself here none of the crude antics and the absurd leaping about that ruined "Robin Hood." But the greatest credit of all is due to Julianne Johnston, as the Princess. Here surely is a new star. She has a white tender thrilling beauty, perfectly fitted to the part she plays—and she can act.

The story of the play is of little consequence. It is a fairy gossamer thing, wholly in the spirit of the Arabian nights, telling how a thief of Bagdad came to love and be loved in return by the daughter of the Caliph; how three princes came from China, Persia and India to sue for her hand, and how all the suitors were sent forth on a quest throughout the far places of the earth to seek for the most wonderful gift in the world. We see how one robs a magic crystal from the eye of a giant idol in Khorasmia, another barbers for the flying carpet in the bazaars of Teheran, another steals an enchanted apple from a secret shrine in the Island of Wak. But how the Thief goes through danger by fire and tempest, overcomes monsters with flaming breath, finds a star-shaped key at the bottom of the midnight sea, steals the Cloak of Invisibility and the magic casket, and returns on the Winged Horse in time to save Bagdad and the Princess from the armies of Mongolia, must be left for you to see for yourself at His Majesty's this week.

Why not give a Pulitzer Prize to the producers? is the question that naturally arises in our mind at the end of the picture.

—A.J.M.S.

Fine Headliner At the Princess

IT is a pity that Donald Brian, Virginia O'Brien and Gitz Rice, an excellent trio possessed of artistic merit, were not booked at the Princess in some of those earlier season shows of stellar quality, for a good act on a good bill usually impresses one more favourably than a good act on a poor or mediocre bill. But, as it is, Miss O'Brien and Brian and Rice manage, and quite successfully so, to lend a charming flavour to this week's pot-pourri of vaudeville, which is being placed before Montreal's theatre-goers, discerning and otherwise. Naturally Gitz Rice was the most interesting figure of the company of three, for it is only human for an audience to welcome with quick enthusiasm and spontaneity one whom they take unto themselves as their own. And Mr. Rice deserves all the applause he gets; he sings well; he plays the piano well; and his most famous composition, "Dear Old Pal of Mine" has lost none of its effectiveness and beauty with the passing of time. Virginia O'Brien, moreover, though she did not sing as often as we would have liked, possesses a clear true voice and a grace of movement which is as rare as sunshine on a day like last Monday. Her dancing is excellent, but what impressed is the fact that even her walking is a rhythmic and graceful act which fascinates. All co-eds, debutantes, and would-be flappers are hereby advised to watch closely the art of Miss O'Brien and follow in deed—if possible. And as for Donald Brian himself, he has a good voice, a rare sense of humour, and the ability to give a careful and effective rendition of all that he is called upon to do, be it dance, sing, or tell stories.

Billy Farrell and Company, in "Novelty Surprises," stage one of those acts which is completely full of dancing of the clattering, clicking variety, with men's feet and women's daintier toes rapping out accompaniments on the boards. The act was very successful and even the mellow and aged Elizabethan "taking-people-from-the-pit" trick was as productive of results as it was in the days of Ben Jonson and his merry coterie of playwrights and poets.

There was a lot of diluted humour of the hackneyed variety in "Court-ing Days," described as a musical comedy battle in three rounds (there is not much music); while Valerie Bergere and her company in "The Booby Prize" drew forth rounds of applause. Unfortunately one cannot recommend this act and keep critical honesty, for the "dramah" is brimming over with pseudo-sentimentalism, weak and washy satire on matrimonial existence, all dished up in a leaky vehicle by only a fairly clever company.

"Two Good Boys Gone Wrong," (names—Jans and Whalen) have some sparkling patter and intricate dancing and Neil McKay, dealer in low comedy, from a dramatic point of view that is, calls forth a good deal of laughter and justly so. Dileen Schofield, with her company of male dancers, does some very clever work, though it must be said that she is much more accomplished than her assistants. There are many others on the stage equally as good.

The usual athletic sensation is supplied by Togo, in his slide on a rope from the second balcony. Unfortunately we, nearly drowned in slush, arrived too late for this, the first vaudeville number, but the other papers say that it was good. The Supplement, however, must remain silent, for Togo and his rope were not seen.

—L. W.

Porte St. Martin Players in Farewell Offering at Orpheum

THREE weeks ago we bade very reluctant farewell to Pierre Magnier and his Porte St. Martin company. This week we are fortunate enough to welcome them back for an all too short engagement in "L'Arlesienne," by Alphonse Daudet, with music by Bizet.

It may not be out of place at this juncture to say just a word of appreciation of the work of this excellent company during the past few months. It is extremely doubtful whether Montreal has ever had a much more satisfactory season of French drama. The Porte St. Martin players presented a varied repertoire of plays, ranging all the way from light comedy to tragedies in verse, and always with very happy results. "Madame Sans-Gene" and Edmond Rostand received equally fine treatment at their extremely capable hands. They seemed to be able to enter wholly into the spirit of whatever work they were doing.

It would be difficult to single out any one member of the company for special praise. The company is so well-balanced that the actors can almost take turns interpreting the principal roles. The honours were exceedingly well divided. Perhaps a slightly larger share should go to Mme. Andree Pascal, whose brilliant acting in "L'Aiglon," "Montmartre," "La Vie de Boheme," and "La Femme Nue," to mention only a few of her triumphs, proved her to be an actress of very exceptional skill.

Magnier himself was always thoroughly satisfying. His reading of "Cyrano de Bergerac" was particularly impressive, but the rest of his work was hardly below this high level. Mme. Clervanne carried off the honours in "La Dame Aux Camelias" with a stirring interpretation of a very difficult role, while in "Madame Sans-Gene" it was Mme. Malber who showed herself capable of rising to great heights on occasions. Pierre Almette in "Montmartre" and Rene Montis, in "La Vie de Boheme" and "L'Apprenti Sorcier," were equally successful. The support from the rest of the company was always adequate.

This week's production maintains the high standard set by the company on its previous visit. The play is a skilfully-constructed story of the devastating effects of an unhappy love. Young Frederi is about to marry a beautiful girl from Arles, when he discovers that she has a "past" which makes it impossible for him to make her his wife. The blow is too much for him to bear. His mother and his friends do all they can to rid him of his despair, even to the extent of promising to welcome the Arlesian into their home if he feels that she would make him happy. In gratitude for their readiness to sacrifice themselves for him, Frederi tells them that he will marry Vivette, the peasant girl who has loved him from childhood, and whom his people love dearly. Vivette almost succeeds in making him forget the Arlesian, but Frederi meets Mitifio, the Arlesian's lover and the old wound re-opens more painful and more bitter than ever. Life becomes insupportable and the play ends with his suicide.

There is an interesting superstition which runs through the story. Frederi has a younger brother a lad of fourteen, whose mind has remained a blank. Balthazar, the old shepherd who has befriended the lad, says that it is his presence in the household which has shielded it from misfortune throughout the fourteen years and that when the boy's mind awakens they will be subject to the same misfortunes as others. The awakening comes just before the tragic conclusion of the play.

a Pierre Almette makes a romantic and appealing Frederi although his interpretation suffers somewhat from a lack of restraint at critical moments. Mme. Clervanne is excellent as the mother, particularly in the last act, when she speaks for all mothers in a tragic summary of the suffering which motherhood has caused her. Pierre Magnier contributes a fine portrait of Balthazar, and Andree Pascal plays Vivette with her usual success. The beautiful Arlesian woman who is responsible for all the trouble does not appear in the play. We should have liked to see why Frederi regarded her loss as irreparable, but she unfortunately left to our imagination.

The chorus deserves more than a word of praise and the orchestra played Bizet's music fairly well.

"Bon Voyage" to the Porte St. Martin players.—O.K.

UNEDUCATED people have most exuberance of invention and the greatest freedom from prejudice. Shakespeare's was evidently an uneducated mind both in the freshness of his imagination and in the variety of his views; as Milton's was scholastic, in the texture both of his thoughts and feelings. Shakespeare had not been accustomed to write themes at school in favour of virtue or against vice. To this we owe the unaffected and healthy tone of his dramatic morality. If we wish to know the force of human genius we should read Shakespeare. If we wish to see the insignificance of human learning we may study his commentators.

—William Hazlitt.

Posers for Readers

An examination paper upon the characters in John Galsworthy's books has recently been set. This may well remind us of the famous experiment of the same kind which made by O. S. Calverley when he set his examination paper upon "Pickwick." There were thirty questions. Here is one of them.

1. Show that there were at least three times as many fiddles as harps in Muggleton at the time of the ball at Manor Farm.

The answer to this question is as follows: It is stated in the account of the ball that in a shady bower were the two best fiddles and the only harp in all Muggleton. If there were two best, there must at least have been a third, and therefore there were at least three times as many fiddles as harps. Such tests make for precision and should be encouraged. When Calverley first set the papers, Sir Walter Besant, then a young man, answered twenty-seven questions out of the thirty.

Daybreak

STAY, O sweet, and do not rise!
The light that shines comes from
thine eyes;

The day breaks not: it is my heart,
Because that you and I must part.
Stay! or else my joys will die
And perish in their infancy.

—John Donne.

Of Universities

(Continued from Page One)

wish to have any degree of order. In Mediaeval days the usual method of attempting to secure observance of a rule was to require those subject to it to swear oaths that they would observe it, and the number of oaths administered suggests that there could not but have been a good deal of perjury. At Leipzig, for instance, candidates were required to swear that they would not stab a ploughing examinee. Nowadays fortunately we understand that oaths have no meaning.

It is instructive to note that, in the Middle Ages, games were forbidden, and, when we see the state of affairs to-day, there is little to wonder at, though in those days such games as there were, though perhaps of a somewhat riotous nature, were at least games in the true sense. People played them for relaxation, because it amused them to play them, and they retained a sufficiently just sense of proportion to play them in the way that they liked to play them. The body of Masters in Mediaeval Universities frowned upon games for two reasons, firstly because they interfered with studies, and secondly because they were productive of breaches of the peace. On the surface it appears that this prejudice has disappeared to-day, but closer examination belies this. One notices two things about games to-day, firstly that they are very carefully regulated by authority, and secondly that they are really not games at all. The second is the corollary of the first, and I suspect that it may be directly connected with the Mediaeval attitude. Our so-called games are a series of lifeless manoeuvres controlled and formalised by minute rules; no intelligent person could possibly continue to be in the least amused to play, or more correctly, to perform in them. The result is that participants are now mere pot-hunters thinly veiled. Most are persons otherwise incapable, possessed of a misplaced vanity to obtrude themselves in the public eye at any price. The true object of a game is of course inherent in the thing itself, but this has naturally been shelved and the object we are now told to aim for is victory over the other side. Victory—good heavens! The thing would be ridiculous, if it were not so death-somely mercenary—and let me add for the sake of the quibblers, that there are other rewards than mere money, and College games are no less mercenary because players are not paid. Even the cheering at matches, in which one might have expected spontaneity to linger longest has now been mechanicalised, and we have "Rooters." I note that they had not in this case the effrontery to call themselves by a sensible name and chose a designation which can only produce mirth.

It is a well-known fact that small men are vainer than large men. (I am a small man myself, so I know.) In the same way are the small in intellect vainer than the wise. Games have given these people an opportunity to push themselves forward out of all proportion to their importance. Thus while intellectual activity has to strive and fight for very life in a University, the one place where one might hope for its recognition, these games people have whole buildings devoted to their interests, and the Universities pays a staff of professional trainers, coaches and what not, to ensure that they shall have a good chance of carrying off each year the bauble symbolic of their greater achievements in faculty over all other institutions. Most iniquitous of all the whole Student Body is now compelled at McGill to buy tickets for their ex-

My Discovery

(continued from page one)

drastic economies of competition; to the steady decline of all three roads since the merger. Go farther afield. Chance at the industrial and commercial world in general. Who ever heard of bankrupt private enterprise? Who can point to an ill-managed pulp and paper company, steel corporation, steamship line, or bank?

Among those who have not yet seen the light, however, is the British Labour Party. Hence the advent of Britain's first Labour Government threw Montreal into a panic. It conjured up a gruesome vision of MacDonald, Clynes, Sidney Webb, and their satellites, in flaming red shirts, and brandishing bombs in both hands. It foresaw the immediate ruin of Great Britain and the break up of the Empire. What other destiny could await the miserable country committed to a mob of rough, ignorant, and fanatical working men, none of whom had ever held office before; men of no education, no Parliamentary experience, above all

inhibitions. It reminds one of the salt tax in France in the days of Richelieu and Mazarin. I heard, a little time ago, of an American University in which the football coach was paid a higher salary than any professor in the place, lest this mighty condottiere should transfer his services elsewhere, and give some other establishment a better chance of carrying off the season's pot. Then came a reaction and the man's bribe was cut down; and then, if you please, the graduates banded together and paid the difference out of their own pockets! When I heard this story, I thought I must be dealing with institutions for the feeble-minded. Before I leave this, however, I must notice a hopeful sign. A delightful burlesque tournament was inserted half way through one of this year's matches. This is excellent; I would suggest that the idea be developed, and the game itself be gradually diminished until the performance consists entirely of a large-scale open air comedy. Then indeed should we have added something to the arts.

The practice of hazing is of hoary antiquity, and in its early stages, if sometimes a little more barbaric than to-day, was at least more amusing, and showed a good deal more humorous imagination. The freshman was known in those days as the "Bejaunus," and was considered on his arrival at the University a complete barbaric animal. To heighten this illusion, or, if you prefer it, to substantiate this reality, he was attired in bull's horns and ears etc. His superiors, in sympathy for him, would propose to remove these by an operation, which would be duly performed. In the middle it was feared that the patient would die, and he must forthwith be shriven. The officiating priest, at once to the fore, repeated to the sorrowing audience the confessions of the dying patient. I have no need to enlarge upon the nature of the disclosures. I think, myself, that the practice of hazing has fallen into unnecessary disrepute. Since we are now, in theory, more civilized, we might turn the idea to a more civilized purpose. An enquiry might well be held into the character of a freshmen, and while many would, we hope, require no particular advice upon entering their new occupation, there are a large number of altogether impossible young persons who should, most decidedly, be subjected to any necessary degree of barbarity to ensure their presence not being an offence to their superiors.

—VESPASIANO.

A Study in Black

Such was the town to which the young negro doctor returned after years in the north and overseas, and to him, with only faint memories of his youth, the conditions that he discovered came in the light of a bitter revelation. And worst of all was the cloud of apathy that hung over everything. "Central City inhabitants knew all these things. But familiarity with them had bred the belief that they did not exist—that is, they were thought a natural part of the town's argument against scandal. One soon grew used to them—and forgot them. The town was no worse than any other—far better than most."

It was almost inevitable that the young doctor should come into conflict with the powers of things as they are. He has to overcome stupid professional jealousy. Then he alienates the sheriff and the Ku Klux Klan,

with no knowledge of "business"—backed by an over-whelming Parliamentary majority. thirsting for blood? Russia over again!

But "O tempora! O mores!" In this fearful holocaust, what were the utterances of English Liberals? Lloyd George, certainly a representative figure, and hitherto looked on as at least partially sane, compared the new Government to an inexperienced motorist swerving rapidly from left to right, but sure to settle down before long to the centre of the road. This infamous, revolutionary speech naturally drew down upon him the severest condemnation Montreal can pronounce: "He's just like these Labour fellows—a regular Bolshevik."

Even the tiny Canadian Labour Party comes in for a goodly share of this animosity. Montreal has a deep-seated distrust of the economic group in politics, whatever its platform. It feels perfect confidence in the good old system of two parties safely controlled from St. James St. But when a group takes on a "Bolshevik" hue it becomes anathema; and their metropolitan friends long since endowed Messrs. Woodworth and Irvine with horns, hoofs, and tails.

"These Labour fellows," in England and elsewhere, are the Montrealer's pet aversion. The Trade Union Movement is the living embodiment of those pernicious tendencies in society which it is his special mission to root out, and he hates it cordially and implacably. It may gloss its villainous designs with smooth words, but it cannot fool him. Like Joav Bagstock, he is "tough, sir, tough is J. B., and de-vilish sly." He knows what Labour is from personal experience. It is "out to destroy capital" the world over. It is also trying to make an end of paternalism, of employers' molly-coddling "gifts"; trying to encourage self-reliance, and, as the Philosophical Industrialist insists that people shall stand on their own feet, he is naturally furious at this choking of kindly impulses. But these are the least of Labour's sins. What rouses the capitalists' righteous indignation is the way ignorant workmen are being duped. He will fight to the death, not for his own sake, but to save them from their "friends" to rescue them from the clutches of the professional "foreign" agitator, who lives by concocting strikes and taking employers' bribes, to call them off. His workmen shall not be bled white if he can help it. His love and care for them—like his patriotism—are remarkable; and one cannot wonder that, in his anxiety to preserve his little flock from the wolves in its midst, he occasionally forgets such trifling details as wages and living conditions.

A negro, while protecting his wife, is shot to death by a prominent white citizen. Dr. Harper, who attends the dying man, next day makes his report to the sheriff, and is indiscreet enough to mention the name of the murderer. With curses he is ordered to shut up, and made to see that an offence for which one of his own race would be burnt alive by a mob is one which is excused in a white man as self defence, and hushed up as closely as the authorities can keep it. Later, the wife of the murdered man is dragged out of her bed at night by the K. K. K., prominent among whom is the sheriff and whipped, tarred and feathered, because she refused to keep her mouth shut about her husband's death.

Truly the position of the colored man in the South is a delicate one. He must of necessity be constantly on his guard when talking with his white neighbours, or with any white men in the South, to keep from uttering some word, some phrase which

... lies fallow for a time in the brain of the one to whom he talks, but later blossoms forth into that noxious death-dealing plant which is the mob. Innocent enough of guile or malice that word may be, yet he must be careful lest it be distorted and magnified until it can be the cause of violence to himself and his people. . . . The more intelligent and prosperous the negro, and the more ignorant and poor the white man, the graver the danger, for in the mind of the latter are jealousy and ignorance and stupidity and abject fear of the educated and successful Negro."

Things go from bad to worse, the young doctor is marked out by the leaders of the Klan, for his work in organizing the Negro tenants to resist the illegality of their treatment at the hands of the white landowners. Then, while he is away in Atlanta, a tragedy occurs. His sister is attacked by some dissolute white youths, and his younger brother shoots his assailants. Jumping into a Ford truck, he makes his escape to the country, but is pursued by a posse with bloodhounds, and dies by the last bullet from his own gun after accounting for two or three of his pursuers. Then "the mob dragged the body hastily into the open. . . . A hundred shots were fired into the dead body. Partly in anger at being cheated of the joy of killing him themselves. They tied it to the rear axle of a Ford. Howling, shouting gleefully, the voice of the pack after the kill, they drove rapidly to town, the dead body, riddled and torn, bumping grotesquely over the holes in the road. . . ."

What follows—the concluding chapters of the book—forms one of the most gripping tragedies that I have read for a long time. The young doctor, already marked for death, returns in ignorance of what has occurred. The description of his arrival, of his strange feeling of something amiss as he returns through the familiar streets to his home, his bitter curses against the white race when he learns what has taken place, his call to save the life of a white girl dangerously ill, and how he is tempted to kill her on the operating table his last fight, and the final ironic Associated Press despatch informing a callous public that "Another Negro has been lynched in Georgia"—all this should be read by anyone who cares for a thrilling and poignant narrative of struggle and suffering.

Mr. White has written a first novel of power, and rare promise, but he has done more than that—he has struck a courageous and timely blow in the cause which he has championed. —A.J.M.S.

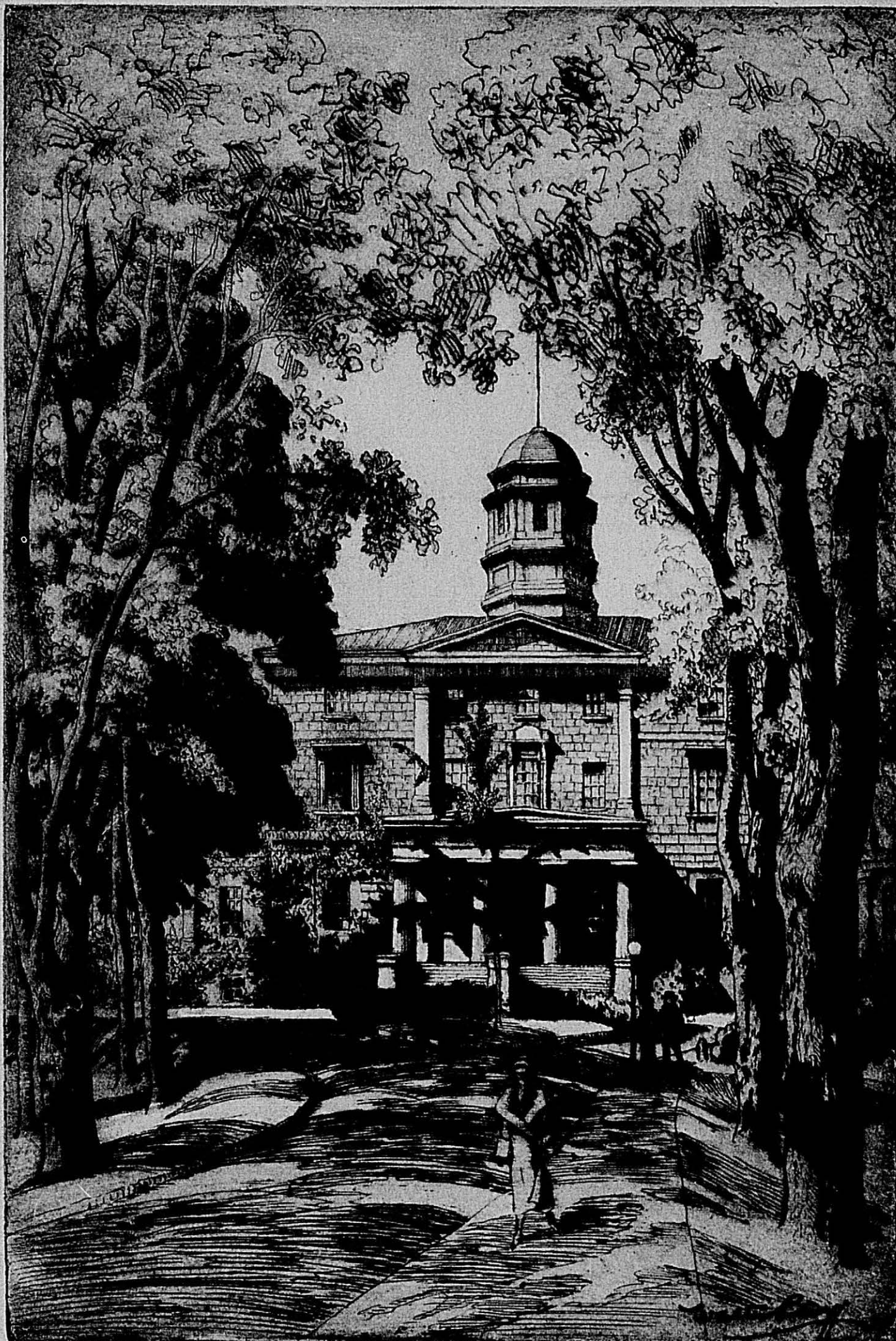
OLD MCGILL

FEATURE ISSUE

MCGILL AND HER BUILDERS

By Col. Wilfrid Bovey

Etchings by Walter R. Duff



The Old Arts Building

with the grave of James McGill in the foreground

IN these somewhat materialistic days we often find ourselves thinking of a university in terms of its physical possessions; we are prone to measure it by the magnificence of the structures of steel and stone about the campus. Only upon a little deeper reflection do

we see that halls and laboratories are only the expression of the aims and hopes of those whose generosity brought them into being; that they are only a frame to be quickened by the earnestness and the devotion of teacher and of student.

Yet in acknowledging that the real university lies in the spirit of the men who create it and of those who live in it and labor in

it, we must not end by putting too little weight on material appurtenances. Work becomes easier when lecture halls, laboratories and shops are designed for the maximum of efficiency and of comfort. Teacher and student alike may well be inspired by the beauty and the dignity of our gray stone walls and towers, may well be stirred by the thought of the many who

have passed before through the same precincts.

It is more than a hundred years since James McGill laid a firm foundation for the institution which bears his name; since by his will the Burnside Estate, in what was then open country above the little city of Montreal, reached by Beaver Hall Hill and Dorchester Street, was dedicated to the education of the youth



A Corner in the New Medical Building

of Canada, and ten thousand pounds set aside towards its endowment.

We can hardly realize today how remarkable then was the attitude of the Scottish Canadian man of business, who, conceived the notion of a Canadian university. Sir Arthur Currie, in his address on Founder's Day of this year, outlined for us the ideals which must have been James McGill's inspiration: "The ideal of tolerance between races and creeds in Canada, particularly the English and the French, the ideal of the harmony of the practical and the poetic or the classic in education." Clothed in the gray stone of the city where he dwelt, the dream of James McGill stands before us in tangible form, a university dedicated to the service of Canada and of every young Canadian, regardless of province, race or creed, welcoming the student from England, from the Dominions, from America.

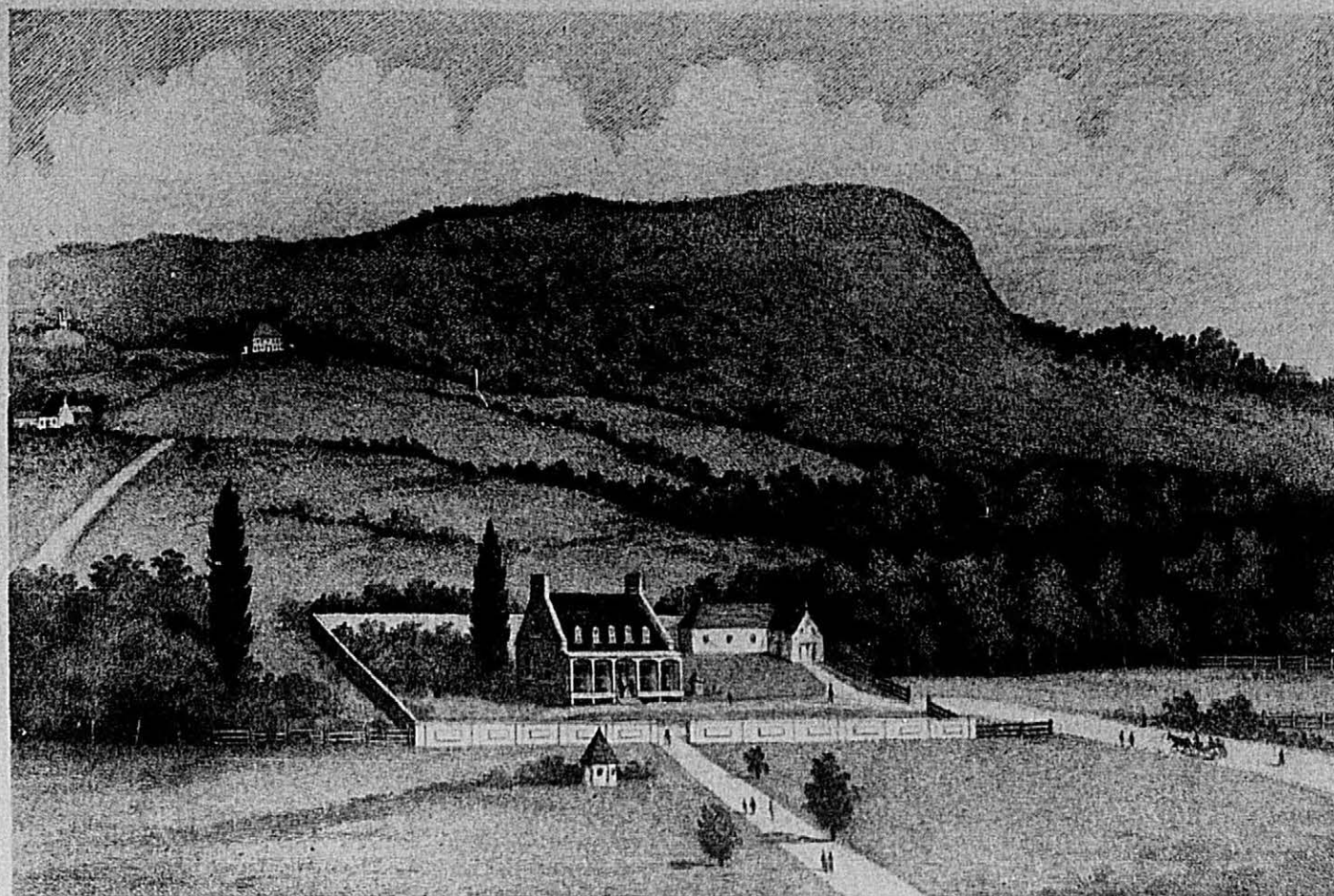
In 1829 the foresight and the generosity of the Founder began to bear fruit. The Montreal Medical Institution, which had been formed by physicians practising at the Montreal General Hospital, became the Medical Faculty of McGill University, and four years later the first degree in Medicine was granted. The building used for lectures was in the city, near the hospital. On the Burnside Estate there was not then, nor for a long time after, any building which might serve for teaching. It had been suggested, it is true, that the old Burnside house might be

used for the principal's residence, but owing to litigation and other reasons, nothing was done. The University, apart from the Medical Faculty, existed for many years a shadowy if legal entity, without a local habitation.

It was not until the spring of

1843 that the first structure on the Burnside property was completed and arrangements were made for its opening in the autumn of the same year. A few years later the portico was added, and the Arts Building appeared in its present form. It

was still, however, the home of a weak, scarcely even a struggling institution, the administration of which had from its inception suffered from faulty organization. The Royal Institution for the Advancement of Learning, the name of the Cor-



Burnside House, Residence of James McGill, Founder of the University



Redpath Museum, Molson Hall and the Lower Campus

poration which owned the estate and endowment, and the Governors of the University who were responsible for the carrying on of its teaching, had been continually at odds. Progress, difficult enough owing to the lack of funds and of instructors, had been still further hampered by dissension.

Between 1852 and 1857, however, by a new charter and by concurrent legislation, the members of the Royal Institution became the Board of Governors. We have still today two bodies, the first, the Royal Institution, consisting of the visitor, chancellor and governors, responsible for financial control, the second, McGill University, an educational organization made up of the governors, principal and fellows, which carries on the work of instruction.

In 1855 began the labor of a principal whose name will never be forgotten while McGill herself endures, and from that date until Sir William Dawson's resignation in 1893, our university history reads like a romance. Within one year the curriculum of the Faculty of Arts had been extended to include lectures in engineering. Seven years more saw the Molson Hall, at the west end of Arts Building, and the Observatory completed. The new principal took an active part in the deliberations of the Medical Faculty, upon his initiative, in 1872, its work was transferred to the campus, and thereafter, first under Dr. George Campbell and then under Dr. Robert Craik it passed through the stages of a progress which rapidly put it into the first rank of the medical schools of the continent. Not without interest do we note that the year which saw the Faculty of Medicine established within the university grounds also saw the graduation of its most famous son, Sir William Osler.

The Faculty of Law already had been many years in operation and could point with pride to such graduates as Laurier and

Maclaren. In 1878 the Faculty of Applied Science was organized, and those who know it now can scarcely realize that its work was then carried on in three rooms of the present east wing of the Central Building. Its first dean, Dr. Henry T. Bovey, appointed as a young man of twenty-eight, held his office for thirty years, but only half that time had elapsed when the erection of the original Macdonald Engineering Building, of the

Workman Mechanical Department and of the Macdonald Physics Building had marked the rise of the Faculty from its small beginning to be one of the world's leading engineering colleges. The present Macdonald Engineering Building replaced the original structure, which, with almost all the apparatus it contained was destroyed by fire in 1907.

The same great days saw the establishment of courses for

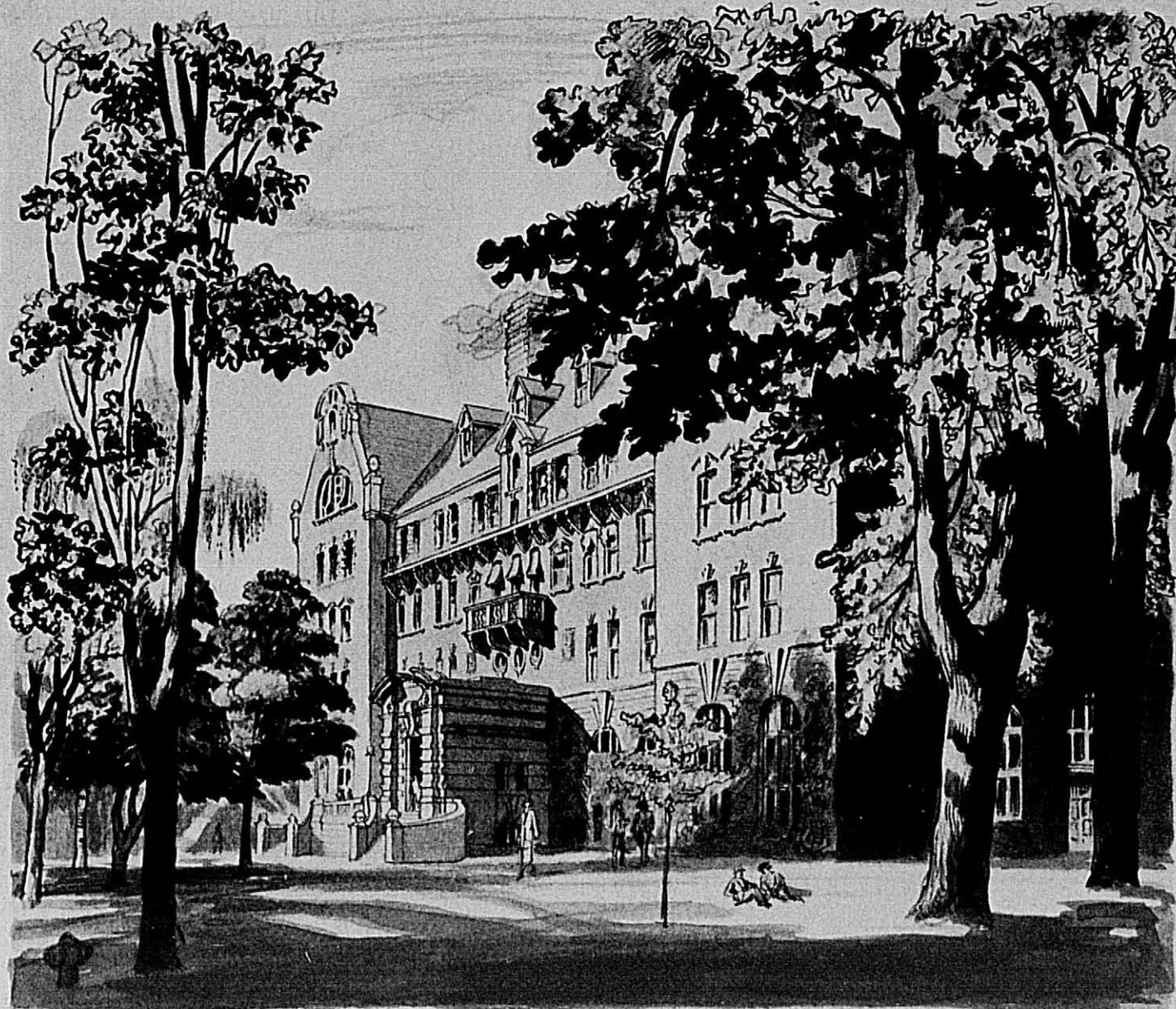
women, the affiliation of the theological colleges and the creation of the Faculty of Veterinary Science, since fused into Macdonald College.

Almost from the beginning of Sir William Dawson's term as principal began the series of donations by which public-spirited men have brought about the McGill of today, have enabled her to offer a training which costs her three times what the student is asked to pay. The gift of the Molson Hall by William Molson was followed by the donation of Peter Redpath providing for the building of the Redpath Museum. J. H. R. Molson gave the McTavish Street property where the library now stands, and paid for the first extensions to the Medical Building. Sir William Macdonald provided the funds for the Macdonald Engineering Building and the Macdonald Physics Building, and soon afterwards Peter Redpath presented to the university the Redpath Library Building on McTavish Street.

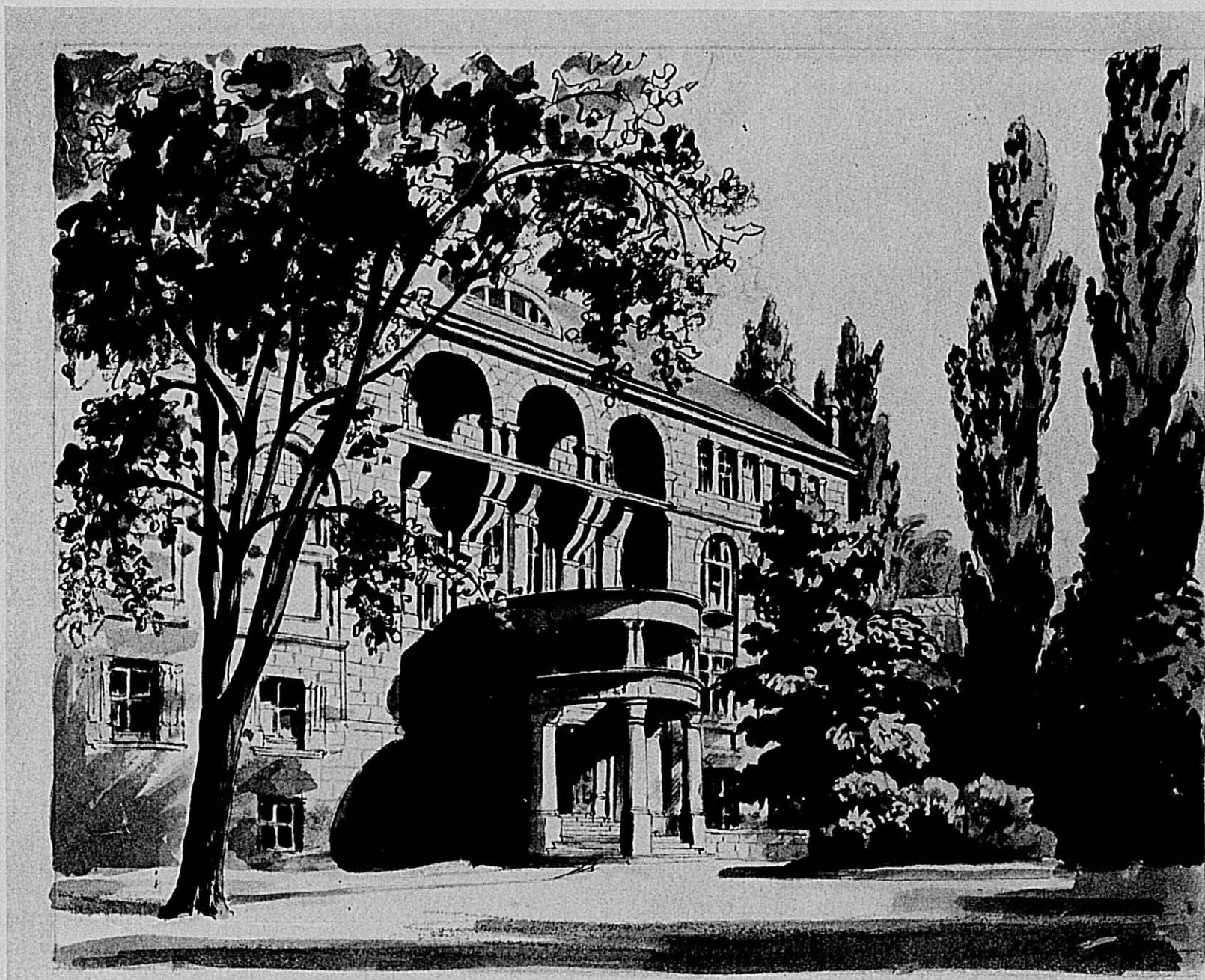
When in September, 1893, Sir William Dawson left the principal's chair, he had well earned the right to be placed among the builders of Canada; in less than forty years he had seen and had in great part brought about the rise of McGill from a small and unimportant college to a place of honor among the world's universities.

The period between the retirement of Sir William Dawson and the Great War, during most of which Sir William Peterson was principal, was marked by the continued and remarkable expansion of the Medical Faculty, first under the Deanship of Dr. Craik and then under that of Sir Thomas Roddick, aided by the co-operation and the benefactions of Lord Strathcona.

In 1899 Lord Strathcona, then the Chancellor, commenced his



Macdonald Engineering Building



The Physics Building

donations to McGill by building the Royal Victoria College, which although it has only recently become, strictly speaking, part of the university has always been most closely affiliated. For many years he paid for its upkeep, as he paid for the maintenance of other university activities. In 1901 the original Medical Building was enlarged by the opening of the Strathcona Medical Building, and when this was burnt six years later it was replaced by the modern edifice now standing at the head of University Street. In more recent years Lord Strathcona's daughter, the present Lady Strathcona, has generously completed his work and provided by permanent endowments for the annual expenditures which the chancellor was accustomed to meet from his own pocket.

Throughout the same period the university was receiving from Sir William Macdonald the rest of the splendid gifts which have linked his name forever with that of McGill. In 1896 the Department of Architecture had been added to the Faculty of Applied Science, and two years later another gift of Sir William Macdonald provided for the opening of the Chemistry and Mining Building. During the same period he presented the university with a tract of thirty-five acres on Westmount mountain, and with the necessary funds to construct the McGill Union. He established and endowed Macdonald College at Ste. Anne de Bellevue; and he acquired for McGill the property at the corner of University and McTavish Streets, as well as Macdonald Park, the site of the Stadium. He did indeed far more, for he endowed the buildings which had been paid for by the funds he supplied, he endowed the Faculty of Law and no less than ten chairs; the aggregate value of his gifts, at the lowest estimate is not less than ten million dollars.

None of those who knew him

can ever forget what an unpretending and unassuming friend to the university and all its members was Sir William Macdonald. Driving down to his office in his one-horse brougham, or walking in the college grounds looking at the site of a new building, his short erect figure, his kindly look, were familiar to all. Teacher and student alike found in him a sympathetic and a wise adviser.

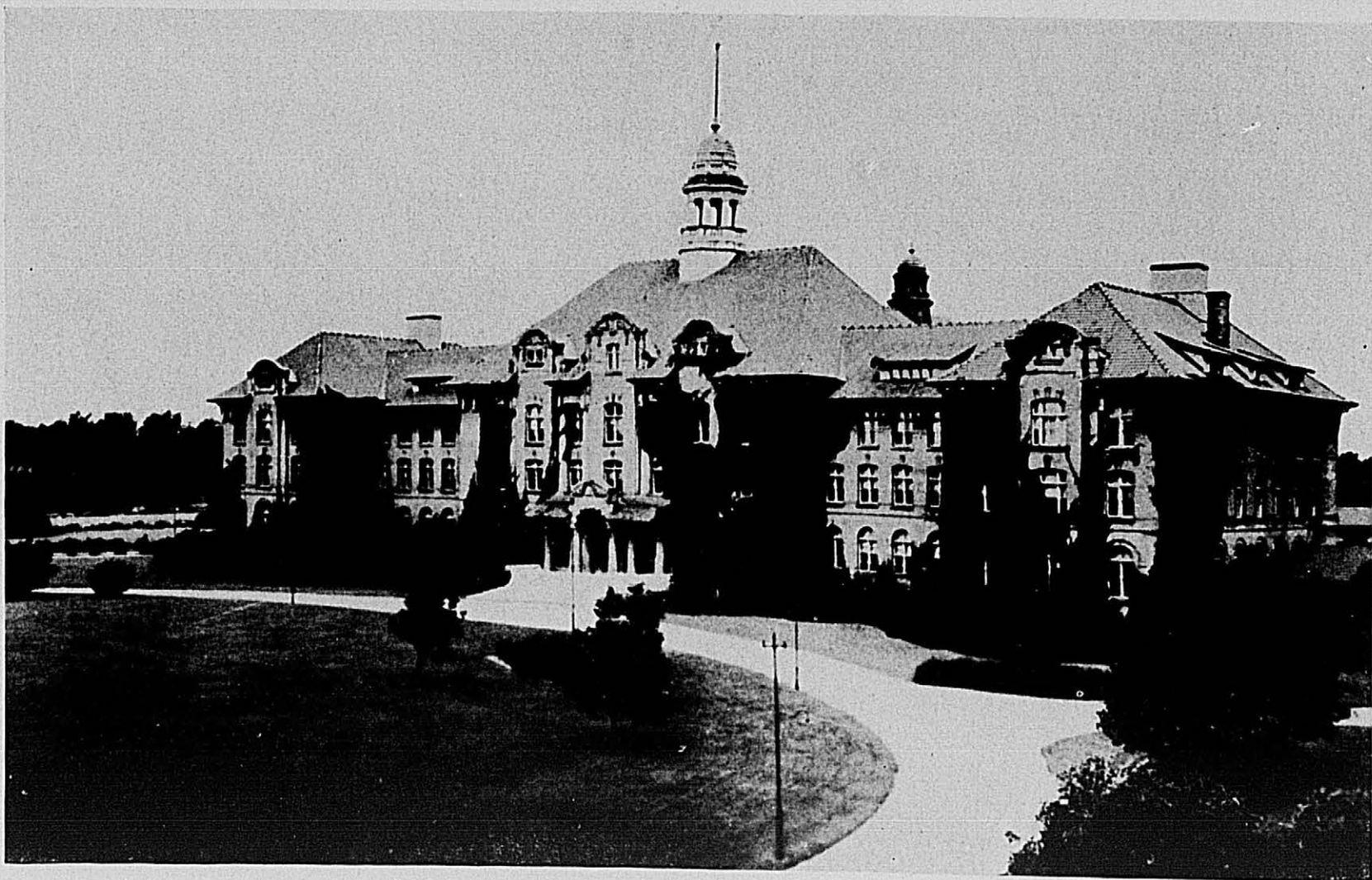
The Great War saw McGill's graduates and undergraduates playing their part, and in memory of one among the many who fell, who was ever the loyal servant of his country and his college, who had in his day gained every athletic honor McGill could offer, was erected the Percival Molson Stadium.

The last four years have been a period of growth such as no one could have expected to follow the struggle of 1914-1918. In August, 1920, Sir Arthur Currie was appointed principal, and under the leader of the Canadian Corps the university has taken long strides forward. Her physical possessions have been increased by a six-million dollar fund, to which the Province of Quebec and the Rockefeller Institute each contributed one million dollars, while graduates and other citizens found the rest, and by a more recent gift of half a million dollars from the Rockefeller Institute. There have been erected and equipped the Biological Building, embodying the most recent ideas in construction and arrangement,

the Pathological Institute, just opened, and an extension to the Library. The organization of the new Faculties of Graduate Studies and Research, Dentistry and Music and of the Schools of Graduate Nurses and Social Workers has been completed. Many departments have been reorganized and new ones have been created. There is now under construction a building for the Department of Electrical Engineering which will provide not only for the present work, but will furnish proper space for the unequalled standardizing equipment, already possessed by the Department, and for new courses in telegraph, telephone and wireless communication.

Perhaps the greatest of the recent changes has been in the Faculty of Medicine, which in its Department of Clinical Medicine has established a University Clinic in the Royal Victoria Hospital, a step made possible by the generosity and co-operation of the Hospital and the Rockefeller Institute. The Clinic possesses a full-time staff, headed by Dr. J. C. Meakins as Professor of Medicine, which will work in the closest co-operation with the Departments of Pathology and Experimental Medicine. The cost of the reorganized Department of Medicine will be at least sixty thousand dollars per annum, but it will be worthy of the highest traditions of medical teaching.

Looking back over these four years, it seems almost impossible to believe that so much has been accomplished in so short a time, but these achievements are due to a determination and a co-operation which remind us of the great and gallant days of the Canadian Corps. On August 26th, 1918, after the German lines before Arras had been broken in one of the greatest pitched battles of the war, Sir Arthur Currie sent out to his troops a message which might well be the watchword of McGill: "I desire to congratulate all concerned on the magnificent success achieved this day. It has paved the way for greater success tomorrow. Keep constantly in mind Stonewall Jackson's motto, 'Press Forward'."



Main Building, Macdonald College